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standingly to what extent it is specially or generally English, and to what extent it is the result of the whole past cultivation of the world. Can Mr. Buckle say that his English railroads, steamboats, politics, and commerce have had more influence on the English mind than the reading of the Hebrew Scriptures, written thousands of years ago by an Oriental race, whose worldly material dominion has scarcely had a local habitation and a name. Are there no traces of Greek culture and Roman legislation in the civilization of England? Is Mr. Buckle, is there any Englishman of the present day, not deeply indebted to continental Europe? is not the present civilization itself of England deeply indebted to it? Is she not even indebted to Germany for her Protestantism, of which she talks so boastfully, and to which she so childishly attributes her material prosperity and mental freedom.

Let Mr. Buckle, if he would be the historian of civilization, drop his puerile patriotic exaggerations, let him consign such chaff to selfish, superannuated politicians, whose mission it is to diminish truth by multiplying error. National glorification is an abstract, personal egotism, extended to numbers, and has no real bearing upon the continuous course of human civilization, which can never be circumscribed or explained by the artificial distinction of nationality. Mr. Buckle has more aptitude for the *chronology*, than the history of civilization, as his ponderous display of learning but too plainly proves. If he undertook to write the natural history of an individual, as evidenced by the twofold force of outward influences and internal growth, his mental deficiencies would become more grossly palpable than in the work before us. In fact his weaknesses are, in a great measure, covered over by the extent and multiplicity of the matters treated of by him, and his pages often borrow a winning light from the intrinsic beauty of his subjects themselves. But his pages are no index to the real growth and course of civilization, no inlet to the long continued windings of man's slow progress and development on this earth. The Oriental, Greek, and Roman worlds are as mystic in Mr. Buckle's pages as in any third-rate manual of history. Their variations from each other are not explained, neither has he shown wherein their respective cultures merged historically together, so as to beget and usher into life what may be called the Modern period. All this would have required historical method, continuity of thought and originality of mind, which Mr. Buckle does not possess. While scarcely doubting his own success in this matter, he has sharp glimpses into the difficulties of writing on the subject of history, and a pretty clear notion of the qualifications necessary to do so successfully, as may be seen from the following extract speaking of his own work.

"Of this, at least, I feel certain, that whatever imperfections may be observed, the fault consists, not in the method proposed, but in the extreme difficulty of any single man putting into full operation all the parts of so vast a scheme. It is on this point, and on this alone, that I feel the need of great indul-

gence. But, as to the plan itself, I have no misgivings; because I am deeply convinced that the time is fast approaching when the history of man will be placed on its proper footing; when its study will be recognized as the noblest and most arduous of all pursuits; and when it will be clearly seen that, to cultivate it with success, there is wanting a wide and comprehensive mind, richly furnished with the highest branches of human knowledge. When this is fully admitted, history will be written only by those whose habits fit them for the task; and it will be rescued from the hands of biographers, genealogists, collectors of anecdotes, chroniclers of courts, of princes, and nobles—those babblers of vain things; who lie in wait at every corner, and infest this the public highway of our national literature. That such compilers should trespass on a province so far above their own, and should think that by these means they can throw light on the affairs of men, is one of the many proofs of the still backward condition of our knowledge, and of the indistinctness with which its boundaries have been mapped out. If I have done anything towards bringing these intrusions into discredit, and inspiring historians themselves with a sense of the dignity of their own calling, I shall have rendered in my time some little service, and I shall be well content to have it said, that in many cases I have failed in executing what I originally proposed. Indeed, that there are in this volume several instances of such failure, I willingly allow; and I can only plead the immensity of the subject, the shortness of a single life, and the imperfection of every single enterprise. I, therefore, wish this work to be estimated, not according to the finish of its separate parts, but according to the way in which those parts have been fused into a complete and symmetrical whole. This, in an undertaking of such novelty and magnitude, I have a right to expect. And I would, moreover, add, that if the reader has met with opinions adverse to his own, he should remember that his views are, perchance, the same as those which I, too, once held, and which I have abandoned, because after a wide range of study, I found them unsupported by solid proof, subversive of the interests of Man, and fatal to the progress of his knowledge."

#### AUTUMN MUSINGS.

The transient glow of autumn cheers  
No more each swiftly short'ning day,  
But sad November drops her tears  
O'er one wide realm of dull decay.

Along the landscape's western bound,  
Lo! where yon monarch-mountains rise—  
By summer's eve with sunbeams crowned,  
And robed in purple of the skies;—

Now, brown and bare, each rugged peak,  
Striped by the keen, rebellious blast,  
Shows not one hue, undimmed, to speak  
Of all those regal splendors past.

The wailing wind, the rustling leaf,  
Are tokens in the vale below,—  
I hear the voice of Nature's grief  
E'en in the river's placid flow.

"Not long" (methinks it seems to say),  
"I pass, unfettered, in my pride,—  
Not long, my floating tribute pay  
To yonder distant ocean-tide;—"

"For when the wintry skies let fall  
Their mantle on the mountain's crest,  
Full soon, they'll spread a glittering pall  
Above my still and icy breast."

GEORGE L. FREEMAN.